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THE DOCTRINE OF THE ASSE:

OR,

A Brief Account of their Principles and Practice, in whose behalf the *Complaint* was written: That it may serve for Advice to others.

Whereunto is Added,

The Asse's Complaint.
Balaam's Reply. And
The Authors Apology.

Never before Published, By

LEWIS GRIFFIN.

The Ox knoweth his Owner, and the Ass his Masters Crib; but Israel *doth not know, my People doth not consider,* Isaiah 1. 3.

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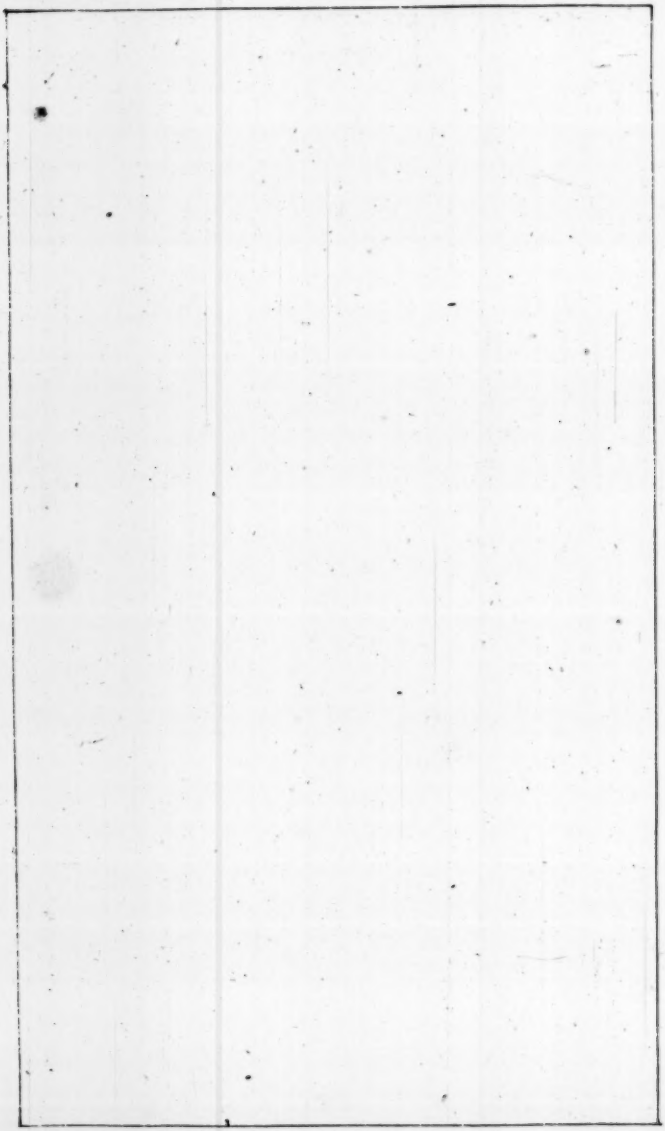

THE PREFACE.

MAn that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like unto the Beasts that perish; when our first Parents lost *Gods Image* they were *degraded* from *Humanity* as well as *Divinity*, and became as *brutish* as the *Creatures below them*; so that there is no *Beast*, or *Monster* in the *Wilderness* of the *Great World*, but what may be found in the *Microcosmus* or *Little-world* of *Man*.

Hence it is that *false Prophets* are said to be *inwardly Wolves*, Drunkards *inwardly Swine*, Whoremongers *inwardly Goats*, Dissemblers *Foxes*, Flatterers *Dogs*, Valiant Men *Lyons*, Innocent Men *Lambs*, as though we had *Cloathed* our *Souls* with their *Natures*, as well as our *Bodies* with their *Skins*.

Amongst the rest it hath been my *Part* to act the *Asse*; and no wonder, for the whole *Kingdome* hath done the same before me, and (like the *Tribe* of *Issachar*) been a long time *Couchant* betwixt *two burdens*, that is (in plain *English*) the *Prophanesse* of some who call themselves the *Kings true Subjects*, and the *Hypocrisie* of others, who term themselves *Gods precious Saints*, as though *Loyalty* consisted in *Ranting*, *Swearing*, and *Drunkenesse*, or *Religion* in *Treason*, *Murder* and *Sacrilege*.

I am not ignorant how some have rebelled against the *King* in *nomine Domini*, witness the *Devills Martyrs* at *Charing-Crosse*, who pretended their *unparallel'd Treason* was *Acted* in the *fear of the Lord*; others have sinned against *God in nomine Regis*, witnesse those *Hectors* of the times whom if you should check for *Swearing* would call you *Phanatick*; others have *dishonoured* the *Church in nomine Episcopatus*, and (as the wickednesse of *Phinehas*, and *Hophni*, made the people *abhorre* the *Sacrifice*) so hath their *Ignorance*, *Scandall*, *Insufficiency*, made the Sacred name of *Bishop*, the *decent Ceremonies* of the *Church*, and the Divine *Liturgy*, become *odious*.

And

And ſhall a man ſee all this and be afraid to ſpeak? no *Friends*; theſe are not times to *daub*, and *flatter*; the *ſinfull burden* of a *corrupt Balaam* will make a *dumb Aſſe* turn *Oratour*; The *Soul* of a Man or Woman (I hope I may ſpeak it without *offence*) is worth more than his *Majeſties* three *Kingdoms*, and ſhall the charge of a Whole *Congregation* of theſe be committed to a *Dunce*, a *Drunkard*, a *Beaſt*, that hath neither *Grace*, nor *Learning*? *God forbid*; ſhall he that writes nothing but *Truth*, and *Reaſon*, have his *Mouth Stop'd* with being told he is a *Seditious Perſon*? Shall it be more ſafe for ſome men to *Commit Sin*, then for others to *reprove them*? I hope not.

In the Verſes called the *Aſſes Complaint* (however they may be miſtaken) I know nothing that can juſtly offend a *ſober Man*; The *King Himſelf* hath Declared that it is, and ſhall he his *Majeſties Will* **That no Inſufficient, Negligent, nor Scandalous Miniſters be permitted in the Church, &c.** and may not a *Subject* Lawfully *Beg* that which the *King* is Graciouſly pleaſed to *Grant*; He that ſayes the Aſſe hath

ſpoken Treaſon, Let him tell him that Prays *Thy Will be done*, that he ſpeaks *Blaſphemy*.

But (poſſibly) it is ſuppoſed by ſome that *Ignorance*, and *Scandall*, are quite out of *faſhion*, and that there is no ſuch thing in any of the *Clergie*. Truly I could wiſh it were ſo indeed; But when our *Saviour* amongſt *twelve Diſciples* had one *Devill*, it would be a wonder that the *Biſhops* amongſt ſo many *thouſand Curats* ſhould have *none*; Yet to name, or mention any *particular Perſon* (untill I have further occaſion (I think) will be as *abſurd*, as for a *Miniſter*, that reproves any *groſſe Sin*, to tell his *Pariſhioners*, openly in the *Pulpit*, the name of any *Perſon* whom he knows to be *Guilty*.

Let this ſuffice; although others are *unſatisfied* with the *harſhneſſe* of my *Expreſsions*, yet I my ſelf am well *ſatisfied* with the honeſty of my *Intentions*, which (I queſtion not) will bear me out againſt all *malicious Gain-ſayers*.

Now whereas it is objected that my *unlucky Pamphlet*, hath proved a Doctrine of *Sedition* unto *diſaffected* perſons. What then (I beſeech you?) have they not alſo made the

ſame

ſame *uſe* of the Sacred *Word* of *God*? If a *Revengeful* wretch ſhould *ſtab* his *Neighbour*, would that hand that made the *Sword* be found acceſſory to the *Murder*? I think not.

It was not my *purpoſe*, when I publiſhed thoſe Verſes, to *encourage Sedition*, but to *rebuke Prophaneſſe*; and therefore, to give the *Reader* further *ſatisfaction*, I have written theſe following *Precepts*, which are the *Rules* by which thoſe *People walk*, for whoſe ſakes the *Cry* was written; You may find in them *ſeaſonable advice*, which, though it ſeem to lye confuſedly in my *Meditations*, will be brought into better *order* in your *Practice*.

He that would know more of my mind, let him read my *Apology* which follows the *Verſes* of *H. W.* (for the reſt of His *name* I know not) I could wiſh that he had *imployed* his *Wit* to a better *purpoſe*; I can only *Judge* this, that the *Gentleman* is a *civil Perſon*, and his *Reply* is an *Ingenious piece* of *Miſconſtruction*; as for the *Reſt* who have written againſt me I regard them not at all, I ſhall not *throw ſtones* at every *Dog* which I hear *bark*; Only I beg of the *Ingenious Reader*, to *weigh* my *words* in

the

the *ballance* of *Reaſon*, and not (like the *rude Barbarians*) to account me a *Notorious Sinner* becauſe he ſees I am *ſtung* with *Viperous Tongues*.

It is not unknown to ſeveral *perſons of credit* in the *Country* where *I lived*, how much I have been *perſecuted* by the *Presbyterian party*; and yet I am now *threatned* by ſome (who have more *malice* to *conceive* Miſchief, than *power* to *bring it forth*) for being a *ſuppoſed Enemy* to (that which I alwayes *Adored*) Epiſcopacy; And not only I, but the *Stationer* who Printed my *Verſes*, Mr. *Marſh*, although he hath (to manifeſt his *Loyalty*) Printed more *Sheets* againſt *that Monſter* in *Politicks*, called the *Rump*, than all of his Profeſsion in *London*, to the *Hazard* of his *Life*, and loſſe of his *Liberty*; Which things being rightly conſidered, we both may Deſerve a *Milder Cenſure*.

THE

THE DOCTRINE OF THE ASSE.

1. STay! hasty Reader—Least the strangeness of our *Title*, which (at the first view) may seem to promise nothing but some *antick* piece of *Drollery*, or messe of Ridiculous *Nonsense*, should cause thy careless hand too soon to cast away this well *meaning Paper*; Remember (I beseech thee) that however contemptible the *Asse* is in this *age*, yet in the dayes of the Prophet *Isaiah* he was a great *Rabbi* in *Israel*: insomuch that *Heaven* and *Earth* were called to witness how far he excelled the very *people of God* in Knowledge, nay we may confidently believe that, even in our times, the *Churches* of *Christ* and *Houses of Prayer* would be more frequented, if those *dark Souls* whom *errour*, or *Atheism* detains from the *publick*

Ordinances, had but such a *Schoolmaster* to teach them to *know* their *Masters crib*. Neither is the *Asse* lesse *exemplary* for his *Obedience* than *Knowledge*; Observe how faithfully he gave *Balaam* an account of his Service, and for his falsly supposed Crime pleaded *Primum Tempus*; Alas *Reader*, should Divine Justice bring thee and I to a Reckoning but for the *sins* of *one hour*, yet which of us could use the Asses *Apology*? Certainly this is a Creature both *serviceable* and *harmlesse*, or else our *Saviour* had not *chosen* him for his *own use*, The *Asse* carried *Christ* to *Jerusalem*, a most honourable office of which even the greatest *Prelate* might be justly ambitious; Be not therefore offended at our *Title*; we present thee with nothing that savours eitheir of *Prophanesse* or *Faction*, if thou art Evil it may do the good, If good it will do thee no hurt, thy eyes may safely read it without any breach of their *Covenant*.

2. It is no wonder that we live in a *straggering* age, for the *fall* of *Adam* broke the *bones* of his *Children*, and *cripled* his *Posterity*; the *Sons* of *men* are both *blind* in their *Judgements*, and *lame* in their *Practises*, and (notwithstanding the *still voyce* which is behind us) we are continually turning unto the *right hand* or to the *left*, and either falling into a *Religious rebellion* or a *Loyal prophanesse*. The pious *Apostle* foresaw our *failings*, and therefore left us two excellent Precepts, *Fear God*, and *Honour* the *King*, that all our lame *Professors*, who *halt betwixt God and Baal*, might make use of them as a *pair of Crutches*.

3. Doe

3. Doe not think that thou canst be a *Friend* to the *King* whilst thou art an *Enemy* to *God*: *Drunkennesse*, *Swearing* and *Whoredome* are no *Badges* of a *Christian*, nor of a *true Cavalier*, *His Majesty* will not *protect Sin*, neither canst thou *honour him* by *dishonouring* his *Master*; If thy *crying iniquity* should invite Gods Judgements to the *Court*, it would *cost* thy *Soveraign* Dear to give them *entertainment*.

4. *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisedom*; There is no *Wisedome* without *Fear*; the *voyce of God* made our first *Parents* afraid; a serious sense of *Gods* all-seeing eye begets in us a *Holy timerousnes* and *conscienscious care* to doe all things as in *his presence*; *Serve the Lord with fear*, *and rejoyce in him with trembling*; Lest thou shouldst *presume*, let thy *service* be joyned with *fear*, and least thou shouldest *despair* let thy *trembling* be mixt with *joy*.

5. Consider *where thou art*, and in what *place* thy *Lines* are *fallen*, thou sittest not in the *Region* of the *Shadow* of *Death*, but in the *clear sun-shine* of the *Gospel*; and therefore shouldest thou be *condemned*, it would not be for *want of Light*, but for *love of Darknesse*; Thou hast a *Double birth-right*, first above *other Creatures*, as thou art a *Man*: Secondly above *other Men*, as thou art a *Christian*; Thou art also *entrusted* with *five talents*, whereas the *Iew* hath but *two*, and the *Heathen* but *one*: be not therefore a *prophane Esau* to *sell* thy *Birthright*, nor an *unprofitable Servant* to *imbezel*

thy *talents*, nor a *cursed Ahab* to *forfeit* the *reversion* of *Paradice* for the *Possession* of thy *Neighbours Vineyard*, nor one of those poor *penny-wise Politicians*, who striving to *gain the World loose their own Souls*, which is as if a Man should *cut off his hands* to purchase a *pair of Gloves*, or *pull out his Eyes* to buy *a pair of Spectacles*.

6. Beware therefore of the *World*; God is said *to rain upon the wicked snares, fire and brimstone*; It is the wickedness of men which makes *Pleasures*, *Riches*, *Honours*, *Friends*, and all other *Temporal Blessings*, *prove* unto them *mere Traps* and *Gins*. And it is to be feared, that hee who will not endeavour to *shun* the *shower of Snares* in *this World*, will hardly avoid that of *Brimstone* in an *other*. In brief, The World is a Dissembling *Jael*; If thy *Necessity* compell thee to *drink of her Bottle*, yet let not thy *folly* betray thee to *sleep in her tent*; for know she hath both *milk* to *feed* thee, and a *Mantle* to *cover* thee, and a *nail* to *strike into thy temples*.

7. Yield not unto the *Devill*; but *resist him and he will flee from thee*; He was once *baffled* by *Angells* and now he is *fighting* against *Men*; He appeared in *Heaven* in the *shape of a Dragon*, but upon *Earth* he hath taken the form of a *Lyon*, and is *continually going about seeking whom he may devour*; those in whom he *dwells* are either *openly Prophane*, or *close Hypocrites*; but observe this *distinction*, he is *Rampant* in the one, and *Couchant* in the other. When he *tempted* our *Saviour* he had *three strings* to his *bow*, which

which he makes use of to this day; If thou art a *poor man* he courts thee with the *Temptation of Bread*; If thou art *unstable in thy Religion* he sets thee upon the *Pinnacle*; If thou art *proud* and *ambitious*, he *carries* thee up into the high *Mountain*. Who ever thou art, if thou *travellest* in *this world* thou wilt dayly *meet* him, he hath a *strategem* like that of *Joab* to *Abner*, he will call thee aside pretending businesse: But *turn not unto him*; If he upbraid thee with the *first Adam*, tell him of the *second*; If he boast of his *Victory* in the *Garden*, ask him how he *Sped* in the *Wildernesse*.

8. But chiefly *take heed* of thy *Judas flesh* which *betrays* him who daily *nourishes* and *feeds* it; *Look not upon a Woman to Lust after her*, but if *Jezabel* be got into the *window* of thine *eye*, then let *holy thoughts* (like those *Officious Eunuchs*) cast her out in *penitential Tears*: Listen not to the *voice* of a *Land Siren*, neither let *Satan Buffet* thee with thy *own Rib*; But *abstain* from *carnal* Lusts and thou shalt be *happy*, for he that keeps a *Lent* in his *desires* shall have an continual *Easter* in his *Conscience*.

9. To this end be advised by the *Royal* Preacher, *Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth*; It would argue a very *bad memory* in thee to *forget* him as soon as thou art *come out of his hands*: *Repentance* in *old age* is like *Rain* in *Harvest*, it may do *good*, but (believe it) 'tis *very unseasonable*; The *time to weep* is mentioned before the *time to laugh*, and the *time to sow* before the *time to reap*; Mistake not therefore thy

Seasons, but let thy *youth* be a *sowing in tears*, that so thine *age* may be a *reaping in joy*.

10. Study principally the *Practical part of Religion*, and strive rather to *obey* thy Masters *known will*, than to *search into* his *secret Counsels*; it becomes not *Men* presumptuously to enquire into that which is *hidden* from the very *Angels*. We read how *Iob* was posed concerning *Hail*, *Snow*, and other *Questions* in the *book* of *Nature*; Now tell me (shallow Man) since thou canst not give a *true account* of what is done, but in the *Clouds* and *Firmament* which are only the *outhouses* of *Heaven*; how wilt thou *presume* to give *Intelligence* of the *Affairs* of *Jehovahs Closet*, and of the Transactions of his *Counsel-Table*? *Prædestination* is a fitter Subject for *wonder* than *dispute*, It is a mysterious *Euripus* in the *bloud* of *Christ*; And it would be better for thee (like *Aristotle*) to *cast thy Soul in with the Tide*, than in vain to *study the cause of the flowing*.

11. That thou mayst have a *right Judgement*, and *Apprehension* both of *Men*, and *things*, learn to *distinguish betwixt Good and Evill*, which is the great *Dicotomy* of the *intellectual world*, and the *two terms* in thy *conversion*; The *Devill* perhaps hath taught thee an other *lesson*, only to make thee *forget this*; that is to distinguish betwixt *Papist*, and *Protestant*, *Prælat*, and *Presbyterian*, *Independant*, *Anabaptist*, *Quaker*, and other *Sects*, whereof if every one should have a *particular Station* at the *day* of *Judgement*, we might imagine *our Saviour* to be *Centemanus* (as the *Poets* feign *Briareus*

Briarems) having an *hundred hands*; But know these are *distinctions* of *Passion* rather than *Reason*, and a strange kind of *Language* which our *Babel-Builders* have learned since their late *Confusion*; for there are but *two wayes*; Men are not *Saved* or *Condemned* for being *called* by this, or that *name*, but through *Faith*, or *Unbelief*; a *Devout Papist* is better than a *Hypocritical Protestant*, a *Godly Presbyterian*, than a *Debauched Conformist*; and there is *Room* in Heaven for *Religious Anabaptists*, and *Well-meaning Quakers*; Let not therefore thy *Tempter* so far impose upon thy *Judgement*, as to make thee abhor the *Harmlesse* and *Decent Ceremonies* of the *Church* because they are said to be *Popery*; nor to dissent from any *Orthodox truths*, because some may call them *Arminian Tenents*; nor to *Persecute* any of thy *Bretheren* because they differ from thee in *Notions* and *Speculations*; (In a word) as thou art not to *believe* every mans *Opinion*, so thou oughtest not to *hate* any mans *Person*, for the one would show thou hadst *too much Faith*, and the other would argue thou hadst *too little Charity*.

12. Think not that it is enough to make thee a *Christian* that thou wert once *Baptized* with *water* in thy Infancy; perhaps thy *sowish Soul* hath been a thousand times in the *Mire* of natural *pollution* since that *sprinkling*; We commonly say to *Dirty Children* that the *Gardener* will *sow Leeks* in their *faces*; we may more truly tell our *Bruckled Professours* that the *Devill* will sow *Tares* in their *Souls*; to prevent this, *Baptize* thy *Soul* in the *Blood* of *Christ*, and *Rebaptize* thy

thy *Face* in thine own *Tears*. The *Baptism* of *Iohn*, was a *Baptism* unto *Repentance*, and therefore he that hath been *Baptized*, but, not unto *Repentance*, shall have cause to *Repent* that ever he were *Baptized*.

13. As for thy *Prayers*, let them be *frequent*, and *fervent*; Let not thy *Tongue* out-run thy *Heart*, but be such *inwardly* to *God*, as thou wouldst willingly appear *outwardly* to *Men*; Let there be no *incongruity* betwixt thy *voice*, and *hands*, neither let thy *Soul* study the *Phrase* of *Ashdod*, whilest thy *Lips* speak the language of *Canaan*; Make use of thy own *gifts* in *private*, of the *Common-Prayer* in *publick*, of the *Lords Prayer* in both; But tell me (*Zealous Brother*) art thou offended at the noise of the *Organs*? And therefore *hugely* taken with their *Doctrine* who make it their Businesse to *rail* against them? Oh how grosse is thy Ignorance, to run from that *Musick* which is so highly commended by the *Psalmist*, and yet to follow the *Lectures* of those *scolding Seducers*, who (the *Apostle* tells thee) are but as *sounding brass*, and as a *Tinkling Cymball*; It is *unwholesome* for thy *Soul* to sit in the *wind* of such *Doctrine* which may make thy *Charity* to get *cold*, and blow *dust* into the *eyes* of thy *understanding*.

14. Think it not *strange* concerning the *Fiery Tryall*; The Lord hath promised *to purge away our Drosse, and to take away our Tin*; the *Drosse* is grosse *Prophanesse*, the *Tin* is glittering *Hypocrisie*; Now till we find our selves *freed* from these, we must expect the

the *Refiners fire* in the *Furnace* of *Affliction*. *Sustine, & Abstine*, was *Epictetus* his *Philosophy*, *The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away*, was *Jobs Divinity*; study therefore to *understand* the one, and labour to *practice* the other; for if thou canst *abstinere* when the Lord *gives*, thou maist *sustinere* when he *takes away*. Consider the *Example* of the *Holy Jesus*. Remember his *Sufferings*. With what an *unwilling willingnesse* did he take off his *bitter draught?* It therefore Providence should put the same *Cup* into thy *Hand*, wouldst thou refuse to *pledge* that *health* which thy *Master* first began to thy own *Soul?* He that well understands the *Glory* of the *Crosse*, will never complain of its *weight*, there is in it *plus honoris quamoneris*; How canst thou expect greater *preferment* in this *world* than to be *Standard-bearer* to him who is the *Captain* of thy *Salvation?*

15. If thou art stung with *fiery Serpents*, (that is *calumniating tongues*) run presently to the *Brazen Serpent*, which thou maist find *lifted up* in the *Gospel*; *Blessed are ye when men Revile yee, and Persecute yee for My names sake, &c.* If thou art a *Common Drunkard, Prephane Swearer*, or *base Whoremonger*, whilst thou continuest so thou shalt be called a *good fellow*, an *honest Cavalier*, and a *well bred Gentleman*; But when thou changest *Saul* into *Paul*, and reprovest those *Sins* which thou didst once *commit*, what canst thou then expect, but that the *Devill* who was before leading thee to *Presumption*, should now attempt to drive thee to *dispair*, and cast into thy *face* both

the *iniquities* of thy *Childhood*, and the *follies* of thy *Youth*; and (if these fail) thy *Poverty*, and *natural Deformity* shall be charged (as *Crimes*) against thee; But be not *discouraged* at these things, There will (one day) be *honour* for thee as well as comfort for the *mourner*, for amongst the people of God there will be both a wiping of *Tears* from the *Eyes*, and a washing of *Dirt* from the *Faces*.

16. Be not discouraged from *walking* in the *ways* of *God* because of the *scandal* and *miscarriages* of some *Professours*; The *best things* being *corrupted* become the *worst*; *Mercy* may be *abused*, *Grace* turned into *wantonesse*, and *Christ* himself be made a *stumbling-block*; Shall we therefore have no *Mercy*, no *Grace*, no *Christ*? God forbid; The *wolvish nature* of a few *Hypocrites* shall not make *Sheeps-cloathing* become *odious*; neither will we lay down the *Profession* of *Religion*, because some who took it up proved *Rebels* and *Traytors*; The *Scribes* and *Pharisees* had not been condemned for their *Long-Prayers*, If they had not used them as so many *Graces* before their *cursed Meals* of *Widdows Houses*.

17. When thou heareſt the *word* preached, consider *Who* it is that *Knocks* at thy *Door*; Wilt thou be a Religious *Hotham* to shut the *King* of *Glory* out of his own *Garrison*? or wilt thou (like those discourteous *Bethlemites* deny thy *Saviour* entertainment in the *Inn*, thy *Heart*, and *lodg* him only in the *stable*, or *outward room*, thine *Ear*? Know (careleſse man) that

that if thou denyest to *open* to *him* in *thy day* which is the *day* of *Grace*, hee will refuse to *open* to *thee* in *his Day*, which is the *day* of *Judgement*.

18. That thy *Soul* may enjoy her *freedom*, labour to *subdue* thy *Passions*, *Let not the Sun go down upon thy Wrath*; *Anger* is said to *rest* in the *bosomes* of *fools*; for indeed no *wise man* will be willing to *harbour* (in his House) a *Thief* or *Murderer*; *wrath of four and twenty hours standing* takes a *Degree* in the *School* of *Satan*, and commences *Revenge*; The *Devil* can, in the space of a *Day* and a *Night*, *hatch* his *Cockatrice-egges* in thy warm *Bosome*. But observe the *fruits* of *Sin*, That which *buds* in *Anger*, *blossomes* in *Malice*, growes *ripe* for *destruction*, and is *gathered* in *Damnation*. It was an *Antidote* prescribed by *Athenodorus* to *Augustus Cæsar* to repeat over the *Letters* of the *Greek Alphabet*; It would be a Christians better, and safer *Remedy* to think upon him who is the *Alpha* and *Omega*.

19. To avoid those many, and dangerous *falls* which may happen unto thee (in thy *Journey*) by that *unruly Beast*, thy *Tongue*, be sure to take (along with thee) *Davids bridle*; Take heed of that cursed *Cacoethes*, which is now accounted the *Badge* of a *Gentlemans Swearing*; If there will be (*one day*) an *account* given of *Idle words*, there will be surely a *stricter* reckoning for *Oathes*, and *Blasphemy*, and if to say *Lord we have prophecyed, and preached in thy Name*, will be no good *excuse*, certainly then to say *Lord we have*

sworn and ranted in thy Name, can be no Lawfull *Apology*.

20. Have a great care to obſerve the *Lords day*; If we refuſe to keep *a day of Reſt*, how can we expect *a time of Peace*; the *breach* of one *Commandement* draws on the *Violation* of an other; When the *Prophane party* had *liberty* Given them to break the *fourth Commandement*, then did the *Hyppocritical* take Liberty to break the *fifth*.

21. Let thy *Recreations* be *manfull*, not *ſinfull*; there is a great vanity in the *baiting* of *Beaſts*, the *Bears* and *Bulls* lived *quietly* enough before *Adams Fall*; It was our ſin that ſet them together by the *Ears*, let us not therefore *rejoyce* to ſee them *fight*, for that would be to *glory* in our own *ſhame*, And to take delight in that which is the *fruits* of our *Apoſtaſy*.

22. *Honour* and obey thy natural *Parents* although they be *poor*; for if thy *earthly Parents* cannot give thee *riches* and *honours*, yet thy *heavenly Father* hath promiſed thee *length of dayes*. But eſpecially forget not thy duty to thy *Political father* the *King*; who is a *viſible God*, as *God* is an *invviſible King*; If thou *honoureſt* not the one, thou canſt not *fear* the other. They who *murdered* the *King* would have done as much to *Chriſt* had he been then in the Fleſh.

23. Let not thy envious *eyes* be *dazled* at the *Glorie* of thy *Princes mercie*, neither Goe about to rip open theſe

theſe wounds which his *Royal clemency* hath *healed*. There are ſome ſick of *Jonahs diſeaſe*, who becauſe the Gourds of their *fooliſh hopes*, and expectations of *preferment* are *withered*, grow *ſullen* and *diſcontented*, that the poor penitent *Ninivites* are not *deſtroyed*: men of ſuch *Principles* have cauſe to give thanks that *their ſelves* are not *Kings*, for *divine Providence* foreſeeing the *miſchievouſneſſe* of their *Spirits* did wiſely to ſet them in ſuch *places* where they might do the *Leaſt* hurt.

24. And as thou art to *honour* the *King*, ſo *likewiſe* is it thy duty to *Reverence* the *Biſhops*, and *Fathers of the Church*; for the one is *Gods Vice-roy*, and the others his *Embaſſadours*; be not like thoſe who *envy* their *greatneſſe*, and gape after their *Lands*; but *love* their *Perſons*, and *obey* their *Doctrine*: and ſince it is *Gods* will to make them *Biſhops*, I hope thou wilt give the *King* leave to make them Lords. Why not my *Lord Biſhop* as well as my *Lord Iudge*? I think, of the two, the *Divine* is the more *noble Function*.

25. Labour to Keep *alive* in thy *breaſt* that *little ſpark* of *caleſtial fire* called *Conſcience*; *Conſcience*, like *Virgils Gnat*, doth with her *ſting* awake the *ſleepy Soul* thereby to prevent the *ſtinging* of the *Serpent*; *Conſcience* to an *evil man* is a never dying *Worm*, and (as the Poets feign of *Prometheus*) a *Vultur* continually *Gnawing* his *Liver*, but unto a *Good man* a *perpetual feaſt*; ſo that he may well ſay with *Samſon*,

out of the eater came forth meat.

26. The chief *Perfection* of a *Christian* is *Love*; which ought to be the *duty* of all men, Art thou for *old* things, the old *Religion*, old *Ceremony*, old *Customes*, consider there is nothing so *old* as *love*; or art thou for *new* things, new *Lords*, new *Laws*, new *Lights*, (or rather *new nothings*) alas *poor Child*! there is nothing so *new* as *love*; Whether therefore thou art an *old Heretick* called a *Iesuite*, or *new one* called a *Phanatick*, let *love* oblige thee; *Love* is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the *New* and the *Old Commandement*; If thou wilt not Believe me, enquire of St. *Iohn* the *Apostle*, and he will shew thee *Epistle* for the One, and *Gospel* for the other.

27. If thou wouldst enjoy *true content*, live quietly in that *Vocation* unto which *Providence* hath *called* thee; *Meddle* not with another mans *trade* and *imployment*, but learn to *move* in thy own *Spheare*, and to mind thy *particular Function*; Our *old Adversary*, the *Devil*, who tempted *Adam*, with a *promise* to make him *as a God*, hath a *fine bait* for thee also: If thou art a *Traytour* he will *promise* to make thee *as a King*: If thou art a *Factious Presbyter* he will *promise* to make thee *as a Bishop*. It is his design to set the *Church* upon the *wrack*, and to *dislocate* the *Ioynts* of the *Mystical Body* of Christ.

28. Call thy self to an *account* each *night* for the *sins* of the *past* Day, and reckon in the *Morning* for the *iniquities*

iniquities of the *night*; God hath a *book* for thy *sins*, and a *Bottle*, for thy *tears*; If *humane frailty* run 'oth' *Score* in his *book*, then let *Repentance* fill his Bottle: The way to avoid *Gods judgements* is to *judge* thy *self*, and by *condemning* thy *Self* thou mayest shun *Damnation*.

29. Remember often the *brevity* and *uncertaintie* of thy *Life*; consider what *business* thou hast here upon *earth*; thy Life is called a *Race* and a *warfare*, So *run this Race that thou maist obtain*, and so *fight this Warfare that thou maist become more than Conquerour through him who hath loved thee*; take heed of being *Uxorious* as well as *Covetous*; *Whores* and *Plunder* will ruine any *Army*; *Self* and *Pelf*, Bag and Baggage undoe the *World*.

30. If thou art not yet *Maried* but intendest it, get thee a *Wife modest*, rather than *Beautifull*; Meddle not with those *Ladies of the Game*, who make *Pageants* of their *Cheeks*, and *Shops* of their *Shoulders*, and (contrary to all other Trades) keep open their *Windows* on the *Sabboth day*, impudently exposing their *Nakednesse* to the view of a Whole *Congregation*, which *Eve* modestly covered when there was *no man* in the World present save only her *Husband*; *Black Patches* are an *abomination* in the sight of the *Lord*; And I believe that when *God* and *Sathan* shall divide their *flock* (it will be as with *Laban* and *Iacob*) the *spotted*, and *ring-streaked* will fall to the Devils *share*; Joyn not therefore thy Self unto an

Harlot,

Harlot unleſſe thou haſt a mind to Hire a *Guide* to *Hell.*

31. But let it be thy main endeavour to *wed* thy *Soul* unto *Christ* which will be the *happyeſt match*; The *Mariage* of the *First Adam* was not ſo *Honorable* as that of the *Second* will be *Glorious*; for then will hee give unto his *Spouſe Fullneſs* of *Ioy* for a *Poſſeſſion*, and make her a Joynture of *everlaſting Pleaſure*; whereas the chiefeſt *Iewell* that the *Fleſh*, the *world*, and the *Devil* can boaſt of is *Deaths head* ſet in the *Ring* of *Æternity.*

This (*Chriſtian Reader*) is part of the *Doctrine of the Asse*; as Good *Advice as* my *Sick Head* can (at the preſent) afford thee; But when the *powerfull voice* of Almighty God ſhall command a *Calm* in the *troubled Sea* of My *diſtempered Mind*, I ſhall preſent thee, If not with better matter, yet in a better Method. In the mean time accept of this from him who is

Thy Servant in him who became a Servant to make us free,

LEWIS GRIFFIN.

THE ASSES COMPLAINT AGAINST BALAAM:

OR,

The Cry of the Country againſt Ignorant and Scandalous Miniſters.

To the Reverend Biſhops,

YEE, *mitred Members* of the *Houſe of Peers,*
The *Kings Church-wardens,* and *Gods Overſeers,*
Fathers in *Chriſt,* we your poor *Children* cry
Oh give us *Bread of Life,* or elſe we *die.*
For we are burd'ned with our *old Sir Johns,*
Who when we ask for *Bread* do give us *ſtones;*
And only *cant* a *Homily* or two,
Which *Daws* and *Parrots* may be taught to do;
Drunkards Cannonical, Unhallowed Bears,
That name *God* oftner in their *Oaths* then *Prayers.*
Into what darkneſſe will our Church be hurld

Harlot unlesse thou hast a mind to Hire a *Guide* to *Hell.*

31. But let it be thy main endeavour to *wed* thy *Soul* unto *Christ* which will be the *happyest match*; The *Mariage* of the *First Adam* was not so *Honorable* as that of the *Second* will be *Glorious*; for then will hee give unto his *Spouse Fullness* of *Joy* for a *Possession*, and make her a Joynture of *everlasting Pleasure*; whereas the chiefest *Iewell* that the *Flesh*, the *world*, and the *Devil* can boast of is *Deaths head* set in the *Ring* of *Æternity*.

This (*Christian Reader*) is part of the *Doctrine of the Asse*; as Good *Advice as* my *Sick Head* can (at the present) afford thee; But when the *powerfull voice* of Almighty God shall command a *Calm* in the *troubled Sea* of My *distempered Mind*, I shall present thee, If not with better matter, yet in a better Method. In the mean time accept of this from him who is

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Into what darkneſſe will our Church be hurld

If such as these be call'd *The light o'th' World?*
These that have nought to prove themselves devout
Save only this, *That Cromwell turn'd them out.*
Mistake us not, we do not mean those Loyal
And Learned souls, who in the fiery tryal
Suffer'd for *King* and *Conscience sake*, let such
Have double honour, we shall nere think much.
But this our tender Conscience disapproves,
That *Ravens* should return as well as *Doves*;
And *croak* in *Pulpits* once again to bring
A second Judgement on our *Church* and *King*.
Though *England* doth not fear another losse,
'Cause *God* hath *burn'd* his Rods at *Charing-crosse*;
Yet *Clergy sins* may call him to the Door,
Ev'n him who *whip'd* and *scourg'd* them out before.
Oh therefore ye that read the sacred Laws,
Eject their *Persons*, and disown their *Cause*:
God, and the *King* have both condemn'd this crew,
Then let them not be *patroniz'd* by *you*.
'Tis not their *Cassocks*, nor their *Surplices*
We quarrell at, there is no hurt in these;
We own their *Decency*, yet every *Foole*
Cannot be call'd a *Monk* that wears a *Cowle*;
Were *grace*, and *learning* wanting (by your leaves)
We would not pin our faith on your *Lawn-sleeves*;
'Tis *Aarons Breast-plate*, and those *sacred words*
Become a *Churchman* best, THAT THAT my Lords
Which pious *Baxter* makes his livery,
Would all our Curates were but such as he!
Pardon my *Lords*, we do not make this stir
To vindicate the *Factious Presbyter*;
We hate his wayes, and equally disown
The *Zealous Rebell*, as the *Idle Droan*;
And beg as oft to be deliver'd from
The *Kirk* of *Scotland*, as the *Sea* of *Rome*;
We pray for *Bishops* too, Oh may ye stand
To heal the sad distractions of the Land;
Then give us *Priests* loyall and painfull too,

To

To give to *Cæsar*, and to us our due;
Who maugre all the pow'rs of Hell have stood,
Men that are neither drunk with Wine nor Blood:

God save King *Charles* our Christian Faiths Defender,
And bring Religion to its wonted Splendour.

Written in the behalf of the Country by Lewis Griffin.

A Supplement to the Asses Complaint against Balaam: *Or the Cry of the Country against Ignorant and Scandalous Ministers.*

AVaunt ye *Smooth-tongu'd Flatterers* of the Age;
Præsto *ye Meal-mouth'd Prophets*; clear the Stage;
Enter the *Asse* again, who (though he Kneel
Unto the *Higher Powers*) lifts up his Heel
Against all those who make Gods house a Den
Of * *Clergy Theeves*; Have at them once agen.
But hark; I hear a *Country Parish* crye,
"Were ever *Christians* in such *slavery?*
"Must we be taught by an *Illitr'ate Bear?*
"Hee *Preach?* Hee'll only teach our *Boyes* to *swear.*
Is then your *Priest* a *Swearer*? Hah — must he
That taunts a *Bishop* taste a *Pillory?*
And 'tis but Just, and right; yet who controules
Him who *Blasphemes* the *Bishop* of our *Souls?*
What? Is an *Oath* lesse *pœnal* than a *Word*?
Or is the *Servant* greater than his *Lord?*
No; *He that Swears commits the fouler Sin,*
And more deserves to lose his Ears than ——

* It hath been a Den of *Lay-Theeves* too long already.

'Tis true, *Seditious Spirits*, that Deny
Obedience to the *Sacred Hierarchy*,
Merit Severe Correction, let them hae't;
They'r the *Disturbers* both of *Church* and *State*;
Yet *Prelat's Zeal* would be much better shown
In striking *Gods offenders* than their *Own*.
Nay, *Gods* are *theirs*; for he that wears *lawn sleeves*,
Like *Christ* is murder'd 'twixt a *brace of Theeves*,
Both shew their *enmity*, but Divers wayes,
The *Presbyter denyes*, but *This betrayes*;
Now tell me (*gentle Reader*) which were Greater,
The *sin* of *Judas*, or the *crime* of *Peter*?
Then let the *Bishops* cast them out, for thus
They do but *Justice* to themselves and us;
Like the wise *Mariners*, who, to appease
The fury of the Raging *Winds*, and *Seas*,
Threw *Jonas* over-board; such was his *sin*,
There was no *Cannon Law* to keep him in.
Nor is it Reason *all* should be maintain'd
Ith' *Church*, who took *Degrees*, and were *Ordain'd*;
For He that after proves a *Drunken Beast*,
Degrades himself from *Man*, much more from *Priest*.
And such they were who caus'd our Bloody War,
When *Levy*'s tribe were kick'd by *Issachar*;
For though *Men* speak with a *not so my Sons*,
Yet *God* reprov'd them with the *voyce* of *Guns*.
Phanaticks, those *Philistins*, wan the field,
Whilst our *poor Israel* were forc'd to yield;
For *Ely*'s *boyes* had lost the *Ark of God*,
Each *Phinehas* begot an *Ichabod*.
Then *Oh ye Bishops*, heal these sad disasters,
We do not call for *Rectors* but for *Pastors*.
A Priest should *lead* his *Parish as a Guide*,
Not *leap* upon their *galled backs* and *ride*,
For 'tis our *Mother Churche's* grand disgrace,
That these *black patches* stick upon her *face*.

Writen by *Lewis Griffin*.

BALA

BALAAMS REPLY TO THE ASSE:

OR THE CLERGIES Answer TO THE Countryes Complaint.

To the Reverend Bishops,

You Learned Prelates of the House of Peers!
That sit in *Moses* Chair, and bow your ears
To Widows just Complaints, and Orphans tears!
Grave (Fathers of the Church) to you we come!
Begging for Justice! though they say we are dumb;
If we were so indeed 'twere well for some.

To

To you we render our complaints alasse,
None fitter then an Angel to appease
The fray, betwixt poor Bala'm and his Asse?
And that your Lordships are concern'd I'm sure;
Unless you can both scorn and losse endure,
The livings are your own, our's but the cure!
Twill be no wonder to your Learned Train,
That *Issacar* of *Levy* should complain!
The Asses spleen, will in his mouth remain.
Nor wil't I hope seem strange to any one,
That there's amongst us such division,
Proud *Jack* did evermore abuse poor *John*!
In vain it is for Bala'm to reply
Unto the Asses charge, when all men cry,
A switch and spurr's the best Philosophy!
Yet in my heart I think no wise men do,
Think us false Prophets, for they all do know,
They are but Asses, that do count us so.
But oh we cannot hold, should we not speak,
And sigh aloud, our very hearts would break,
'Twould vex a *Moses* were he ne're so meek!
Say can it chuse but grieve our souls to see?
Simeon and *Levy* fight, both disagree?
And sorry boys, old Fathers villifie?
Did ever any since the cursed *Cam*,
Turn up his Fathers skirt, divulge his shame?
Yes, yes, mine own dear sons have done the same!
And as if God were deaf, and Conscience dumb,
Rebellion but a peccadillo, some
Like *Nero* have display'd their Mothers Womb.
Lord didst thou send, the wild and Savage Bear,
To slay th'untoward boys that scoffing were,
At the good Prophet for his want of hair?
How canst thou stay thy hand, when men and all,
Do joyn together, and us scoffing call,
Though not bald Priests by chance, yet Priests of *Baal*,
And why Sir *John*? what mean those names and words?
Or hath the Church her Knights, as well as Lords?

Or,

Or, tell me are her Keys exchang'd for Swords ?
True not long ſince he lay dead in a ſown,
Of civil Wars, the croſs, and waining Moon,
Parted her Enſigns, and ſhe was undone.
But that ſome gallant hearts that ſcorn'd the loſſe
Of life and goods, at beſt but ſplendid droſs
Stay'd for to help their Mother bear her Croſs.
But why Sir *John* ? would not St. *George* have been
A better Epethite, but chiefly when
Griffins, and *Draggons* are ſo nee'r a kin ?
Or was't a greater piece of eminence,
To be a Mother, than a Maids defence,
Is love inferiour to obedience ?
Why the rude Vulgar folk do call us *John*,
And adde a Sir, I muſt profeſſe I'm one
As muſt go ſeek a revelation ?
True, we have been as we do all confeſs,
A long time in the howling wilderneſs,
Save that we might not preach up righteouſneſs !
Beſides our Commons too were very ſmall,
Like to the Baptiſt's, yet they differ all !
John fed on Honey, but we fed on Gall.
Yet we embrace the title, 'tis no ſhame
For to be Chriſtn'd with the Baptiſts name,
May we be like him all a burning flame !
But ah this is not all that you do ſee,
A thouſand harder names as yet there be
In the poor Parſons Genealogy.
Dogs, Bears and Wolves, Tigers and ſuch as they
That range the ſilent Woods, live on the prey,
Are Hieroglyphicks fit for us they ſay.
And yet God knows our hearts, and ſouls we cou'd
Nor fight, nor fawn, be inſolent, nor proud,
Or fluſh our ſelves with quaffing humane blood !
But ſo the Tyrant Monarchs of the Eaſt,
Us'd (in their Triumphs, or their ſolemn Feaſts)
To bait poor Chriſtians in the skins of beaſts.
What 'tis we have done, truly we do not know,

To merit ill of them, did we wee'd go,
With bended knee to ſupplicate our Fo!
If we have took away from any one,
More than our Tenth's, on this condition,
We are ready to make reſtitution!
If Altars, Tapers, be Idolatry,
Gowns, Caſſack, Tippets, rags of Popery,
Shew 'us good reaſon for't wee'l lay 'em by?
But if the reading Prayers be all our blame,
Cauſe Daws and Parrots may be taught the ſame,
The Aſs may then return from whence he came?
For is there any man doth ſtand in need,
Of ſo much wit, as that he won't conceed,
To this, a Pye may ſooner ſpeak than read?
But oh we cannot pray our hearts are ſcant,
Strange that we cannot pray, and yet can cant,
The poor man never did expreſſions want!
True, we can't hang the head, and look demure,
Talk faſt, and lowd like Monkeys in a Lure,
And then not queſtion but to ſin ſecure!
We do not love a long and tedious ſtory,
Full of Parentheſis, pride and vain glory,
The *Pater Noſter*'s the beſt Directory?
We do profeſs that we are none of thoſe,
That Circumflex their Sermons with their Noſe,
And mingle *Hopkins* Rimes, with *Wiſdomes* Proſe!
Yet would you but vouchſafe to view the Prayers,
Of your good Mother ſince theſe latter years,
Mixt with the incenſe of a Prelates Tears?
Would you but hearken to her groans, and cries,
Her ſweet Patheticks and Apoſtrophies,
You'ld ſay there was no richer Sacrafice!
The penitent Diſciple I durſt ſwear,
Ne'r wept ſo much, when the pert Presbyter,
Faſtned his Fetters, and did him ſecure!
Even ſo the Balm tree, lovingly beſtows,
Its Tears on them, that do return it blows;
Tears healing as the blood that from it flows!

But ſtay here comes a ſcrole of *Items*, fright
Juſt like a Taylors Bill, a threadbare Knight,
They ſay we are ſottiſh, looſe, prophane, and light!
I do not wiſh theſe Articles may be,
As falſe a charge, as manifeſt a lye,
As thoſe were of a former Century!
For then the bribed Perſon that ſhould go,
To prove the imputation to be ſo,
Would be the greater ſcandal of the two.
But yet I pray, that we may be no leſs
Religious in plenty then diſtreſs!
In *Canaan*, then in the Wilderneſs!
But we are Drunkards, men will lye and ſwear,
Though we with modeſty and tears declare,
True is our Doctrine, Temperance our prayer!
Then us for Thieves, and Robbers they do brand,
Though we profeſſe we would upon no hand,
Purchaſe an Acre of the Churches Land!
But we are wanton, luſtful, fond and fickle,
And in our Neighbours Corn do thruſt our Sickle,
When we God-wot all hate a Conventickle.
Laſtly we are dark Lights, blind Guides by name,
Though if we were, ſay which deſerves moſt blame,
A glimering Taper, or a wandring flame?
And yet the faults not ours, we had no doubt,
Remain'd till now, bright ſhining and devout,
Had not a Sequeſtration blew us out!
That Northern Guſt, that Fatal Hurrican,
That ruſh'd through all the quarters of the Land,
Rooted up Oaks, but let the Muſhroms ſtand!
Good Lord how prejudice and paſſion blears
Our eys; how ſelf-ends lug men by the ears,
Which way the wind doth blow, the Saylor ſteers!
If we ſay nothing then they ſpurn and kick,
Call us dumb dogs, and throw us bones to pick,
The Aſs will vapour when the Lyons ſick!
When we refuſe to ſee, at leaſt to mind,
Their groſe abuſes, then the Prieſt is blind,

Weeping perhaps to see them so unkind!
But if we justifie our holyness,
And prove by reason, what we do profess,
The wisdome of the world is foolishness!
At last when envy cannot find a hole,
To throwd her self, down they sit and Condole,
Tis a poor silly superstitious soul!
These are the Scoffs and Jeers, the cruel hits,
That wicked heads invent in drunken fits,
To vex good men, and exercise their wits.
O wicked World, O Monstrous Commonweal,
When men with great applause might kill and steal,
Sensure was Saintship, Sacriledge was Zeal!
When Churches lay like stables, Altars bare,
Or turn'd to Mangers, Priests and Organs were
Both silenc'd, none might preach unless they'd sware!
No Musick in the Church but Widows cries,
No Sacraments but Oaths, no Rites but lies,
No Christian Burial, and no sacrifice!
But thanks be to our gratious God, for why?
He heard our prayers, and harken'd to our Cry,
And thereupon turn'd our captivity!
We are all in peace, long may we so remain,
May the Crown flourish on our Soveraign,
And *Aarons* Rod blosom and bloom again!
May all the Kings and Churches Enemies
All their plots, projects, and conspiracies,
Be blown away like silly Gnats and Flies!
And now my Lords since we to you have cry'd,
And nothing that concerns us from you hide,
Pitty our sorrows, pardon us beside!
O Father *Abraham* how canst thou see,
The bondman scoff at *Isaack* and not be,
In love to him, offended presently?
Alass we don't sigh and complain, because
Our honours lie at stake, but the good laws,
Your reputation, and the Churches cause.
Tis time, tis time my Lords, or to keep in

For

For your own ſafeties, or go armed when
The Lyon's couchant, in the Aſſes skin!
I'le ſay but this, take't on a Levits word,
When once the Aſſe doth of his own accord
Thus kick Sir *John*, Hee'l quickly fling my Lord.

Written by H. W.

THE APOLOGY

Of the AUTHOR of the *Aſſes Complaint againſt Balaam.*

RAge on, Ye proud *Philiſtins* of the Land,
I ſcorn your *Weakneſs*, and (like *Samſon*) ſtand
Arm'd with an *Aſſes Jaw-bone* in my hand.

Sure he that tells me of *John Baptiſt*, jeſts,
And of the *Tyrants*, and their *Solemn* Feaſts;
'Tis I that combat with *Epheſian Beaſts*.

Hark! Hark! how *Iſgrim* howles, and *Bruin* roares,
Had *Dives* kept ſuch *Ban-dogs* at his *Doores*,
They'd *Worried Lazarus*, not *lick'd* his *Sores*.

They tell us of a *Pillory*; What then,
We hope to ſee a *Reſurrection*, when
The *Harmleſſe beaſt* ſhall have his *Ears* agen.

Nay they may take his *Life*, a worthy prize!

Yet he that *ſpills* his *Blood* cannot be wiſe,
For *Aſſes* ne're were us'd in *Sacrifice*.

But muſt he *Die*? pray give him leave to *pauſe*,
Is the poor *Aſſe* condemn'd by *Lyford Laws*?
Sure if he *Die* you'll let him know the *Cauſe*.

What think you then? If he that doth *declaime*
'Gainſt *Drunkenneſſe*, and *Swearing* merits ſhame;
Then he that writ the *Cry*, was much to blame.

Or if thoſe men of *Iſrael* who (with teares)
Complain'd of *Eli's* Sons, were *Mutineers*;
Then *Balaam's Aſſe* deſerves to loſe his *Eares*.

But if amongſt the *pious Learned* train,
Dunces are crept, who their profeſſion ſtain,
Be patient Sirs, our *Cry* was not in vain.

What ſhall the *Aſſe* forſake his *Maſters crib*,
And follow thoſe that uſe to *ſwear* and *bib*?
No, he fears neither *Pillory* nor *Gib*.

Let *Fools* and *Traytors* dread ſuch things, not I,
Who in the *Dangerous* times of *Tyranny*,
Own'd that, which now they ſay I do *deny*.

I that oppos'd *Presbytery* when Some
Comply'd, and *Flatter'd*, Others were ſtruck *dumb*;
'Tis known how oft I pray'd *Thy Kingdom come*.

His *Sacred Majeſty* I have *ador'd*,
And alwayes reverenc'd the *Mitred Lord*;
And will *defend* them both with *Pen* and *Sword*.

I quarrel not with him that *bows* the *Knee*
Toward the *Eaſt*, Although the *Altars* bee
Mere *Stumbling ſtones* to Some, th'are none to Mee.

For

For well I know the *King* and *Parliament*,
Our *Lawfull Lords* may by a joynt conſent
Make *Neceſſary* of *Indifferent*.

As for the Harmleſs *Tapers* let them burn;
Yet when the *Bridegroom* wakes her from her *urn*,
Theſe will not ſerve the *Sleepy Virgins* turn.

To *Gownes*, and *Surplices* I am a Friend;
Let Others *Cavill*, they that will contend
About theſe things have ſure ſome *farther end*.

But yet how prudentlie the *King* prevents
The *Churches Rape*; Hee ſees their *baſe* intents
That 'gin to *Riſle* her of her *Ornaments*.

Nor muſt falſe *Achan* long enjoy his *wedge*,
Juſtice prepares a *Halter* and a *Sledge*;
Theſe are the *bitter fruits* of *Sacriledge*.

Theſe *deep-dy'd Rebells*, *Hyppocrites* in grain
That Swallow'd *Biſhops* Lands, oh what a pain
Was it for them to *belch* them up again.

Then welcome *Loyal Hearts*, that ſcorn'd to take
Thoſe *dangerous Oathes* that did *Three Kingdoms* ſhake;
You that were *ſequeſtred* for *Conſcience ſake*.

Shine forth again Yee *Pious* and *Devout*
Sons of the *Church*, your *Sufferings* without doubt
Did onlie *ſnuff* your *Light*, not *put it out*.

Yet there are *Some* whoſe *Age* and former *ſmarts*
Have much *impair'd* their *Learning* and their *Parts*,
Enough to *crack* their *Brains*, and *break* their *Hearts*.

And *plead* wee againſt *theſe*? no; let my *tongue*
Be *Curs'd* for ever, if I do them *wrong*;
They ſhall not bear the *burden* of my *Song*.

He

He that hath ſuffer'd *poverty*, *diſgrace*,
Sickneſſe, and *baniſhment* from place to place;
Heav'n *blaſt* that *Hand* that *throws dirt* in his *face*.

Yet *Prieſts* there are, who neither have been true
To *God* nor *Cæſar*, *Oh 'tis here the Shooe*
Doth pinch; the *Devil* hath His *Martyrs* too.

And now me thinks the *Reader pittyes* us,
And cryes, What kind of *Beaſt* is this Whom thus
The *Aſſe* calls *Ignorant* and *Scandalous*?

Went he to th' *Univerſity*? What then?
So the *French* King with twenty thouſand men
Went up the Hill and ſo came down a-gen.

What did hee there? he *ate*, and *drank* and *ſlept*,
Hee play'd at *foot-ball*; and at laſt he *crept*
Into a *Hood*, Then int' *Pulpit ſtept*.

How hap'd it then that he was not *refus'd*
By th' *Biſhops*? (Friends pray let them be excus'd)
The *Prelates* oftentimes have been *abus'd*.

As in this Caſe; A *Patron* of our age
Preſents one *Mopſus* to a Viccarage,
Far fitter for a *Bear-ward*, or a *Stage*.

Now for a Handſom *trick* they caſt about
This *Mopſus* was A *foul unlearned Lout*,
And knew the *Biſhop* ſoon would *find* him out.

Then learned *Corydon* in *Mopſus* name
Went and obtain'd the *place* for which he came;
And now Sir *Mopſus* doth *poſſeſs* the ſame.

Thus a *Good Prelat* may be ſoon *betray'd*,
When the *looſe* * *Patron Pins a Chamber-maid*
Upon Sir *John*, her *Dowry* muſt be paid.

* Yet the Patron in this Caſe had no ſuch corrupt intent.

Should

Should these things hold What's *Learning* or the *Spirit*?
'Tis *Mony* rules the World; and some inherit
Their *Parsonages* by *favour*, not by *merit*.

This this Begat the *Countryes* scorn and *hate*,
And made their *Squeamish* Stomachs *nauseate*
That *Pow'r* which now hath *broke* the *Serpents pate*.

But lo a *Reformation!* oh sing praise
To *Heav'n*, for now the *Bishops* clearer rayes
Will *chase* these *fogs*, and give us *better-dayes*.

Ye *rigid Presbyters* lay down your *Pride*,
And Joyn; you Know once when a *Case* was try'd,
Shee had no *interest* that said *Divide*.

Yea *Dippers*, now *baptize* your selves in tears,
And be not *Drawn* to *Error* by the *ears*;
In spite of *Hell*, Let's all be *Cavaliers*.

Shall our *Religion* be (like *Josephs coat*)
Motly, and *bloudy*? Then the *World* will note
'Tis a *true sign* wee *cut* our *Master's throat*.

Yee *Consciencious Romists* why do wee
Wrangle with you? Is it not time t'*agree*?
Take you our *Faith*, Lend us your *Charity*.

Oh! If all these would lay aside their *passion*,
How would the *Gospel* flourish in the *Nation*,
Free from old *Legends*, and new *Revelation*!

Then *Englands Church* would *out-shine* other *Spires*,
Like the *Bright Moon* amongst the *Lesser fires*;
And this is all that the *poor Asse* desires.

Now as for that *ingenious pen* that writ
Balaam's reply: I shall not carp at it;
His Verses favour both of grace *and* wit.

But.

But yet I wonder much how hee *miſtook*
The *Aſſes Meaning*; if again he look
Sure he May *read* without a *Conſ'ring-book*.

Baniſh but *Paſſion*, wee ſhall ſoon *agree*,
I bow unto the Prelates, and will bee
As *true* and *faithfull* to the *Church* as *hee*.

I ever will obey their *Juſt Commands*,
And *pray* to *God* to *Keep* them from their *hands*,
That Hate their *Perſons* and yet love their *Lands*.

But I ſhould *Grieve* to ſee theſe *Men* of *God*,
That ſit in *Moſes chair*, and *ſway* his *Rod*
Prove *Grandſires* to a Fatal *Ichabod*.

'Twould vex my *Soul* to ſee *Lewd Phinehas* race,
Or any *Pulpit* ſuffer that *diſgrace*,
To loſe a *Man* and have a *Beaſt* in's place.

Sound, powerfull *preaching* is the thing wee *want*,
Yet I abhor their *Rhetorick* that do rant
In vindication of the *Covenant*.

And is't for this the *Aſſe*, is made a *Mock*
By *Pamphleteers*? And grown a *Laughing-ſtock*,
Baſe *ill-bred* hounds, that would deſtroy the *Flock*.

Then oh ye *Goſpel-Shepheards* do not keep
Such *Currs*, Although to you they *fawn* and *creep*,
That Dog that Bites an Aſſe, will Worry Sheep.

Lewis Griffin.

FINIS.